A Famous Indian Fight.

By John Williamson Palmer, M. D.

Among the most conspicuous and notable of the rangers and Indian-fighters who "blazed their way" along [illegible]00 trails between the Rio Grande and the Colorado 70 years ago were Rezin and James Bowie—to whom, jointly, belongs the questionable honor of the invention of the bowie-knife. These energetic and intrepid lads were the sons of Rezin Bowie, who had migrated from Maryland to Georgia, where the boys were born in Burke county. There were three other brothers—David, John, and Stephen. In 1802 the family removed to Catahoula parish, Louisiana. On the 19th of September, 1827, James Bowie was engaged on a bar of the Mississippi in one of the bloodiest affrays recorded in the fighting annals of the southwest, in which two men were killed and Bowie wounded. Soon after this affair James with his brother Rezin, made his way into Texas, where a career as dramatic as it was characteristically American awaited them—at first among the hostile tribes, and later in desultory encounters with predatory bands of Mexicans.

In 1831, on the 2d of November, James and Rezin Bowie with seven comrades and two boys as servants set out from San Antonio in search of the old Silver-mines of the San Saba mission. They made their way without notable adventure until the morning of the 19th, when they were overhauled by friendly Comanches, who warned them that they were followed by a war party of 124 Twowokanas and Wacos, as well as by 40 Caddos, making in all 164 well-armed braves, who had sworn to take the scalps of the white men then and there. The Comanche chief invited the Texans to join his party, and offered to make a stand with them, although he had but 16 men, badly armed and short of ammunition. But knowing that the "hostiles lay between," and being bent on reaching the old fort on the Saba before night, the Texans declined the generous offer and pushed boldly on. But they soon came upon rocky roads, their horses' feet were worn, and they were compelled to encamp for the night in a small grove of live-oaks of the girth of a man's body. To the north of these, and near by, was a thicket of young trees about 10 feet high; and on the west, 40 yards away, ran a stream of water. On every side was open prairie, interspersed with rocks and broken land, and here and there a clump of trees. Here, having prepared for defense by cutting a road inside the thicket and clearing out the prickly pears, they hobbled their horses and posted sentries. That night they were not molested; in the morning, as they were preparing to start for the fort, they discovered Indians on their trial, with a footman 50 yards in advance of the party with his face to the ground, tracking. All hands efiw to arms; those who were already in the saddle dismounted, and the saddle and pack horses were tethered to the trees. The hostiles gave the war-whoop, halted, and began stripping for action. Some mounted bucks reconnoitered the ground, and among these were a few Caddos, known "by the cut of their hair," who until that day had been counted among the friendly tribes.

In consideration of the disproportion of numbers—164 to 11—it was agreed that Rezin Bowie should go out to parley with them, to avoid, if possible, a fight so unequal and so desperate. He took David Buchanan with him, walked to within 40 yards of the enemy's line, and invited them to send out their chief to talk with him. He addressed them in their own tongue, but they replied with a "How do! How do!" followed by a dozen shots, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie responded with the contents of a double-barreled gun and a pistol, took Buchanan on his back, and started for the camp. The Indians opened fire again. Buchanan was hit twice, but not mortally, and Bowie's hunting-shirt was pierced by several shots. Seeing that they failed to bring him down, eight of the Indians on foot pursued him with tomahawks, and were close upon him when his own own party charged them with rifles and killed four, putting the others to flight. "We then returned to our position," wrote Rezin Bowie, "and all was still for five minutes."

Then from a hill red with Indians, and so near that the voice of a mounted chief urging his men to the charge could be heard plainly, came yells and a vicious volley. "Who is loaded?" cried James Bowie. "I am," said Cephas Hamm. "Then shoot that chief!" And Hamm, firing, broke the Indian's leg and killed his pony.

The chief went hopping round the horse, his body covered with his shield; four of the Texans who had loaded fired and the man fell. Six [illegible] of his tribe advanced to bear the body, and several of these [illegible] by the Texans. The [illegible] of Indians then retreated behind the hill with the exception of a few who dodged from tree to tree, out of gunshot.

Presently, however, they covered the hill again, bringing up their bowmen, for the first time in the fight. There was rapid shooting on both sides; another chief advanced on horseback, and James Bowie brought him down.

Meanwhile a score of Caddos who had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in the rear of the Texan party opened fire at 40 yards, and shot Matthew Doyle through the breast. Thomas McCaslin ran forward to avenge him, and was shot through the body. The firing became general from all quarters. The Texans, finding their position in the trees too much exposed, retreated to the thicket, where they dislodged the riflemen under cover of the creek, who were in point blank range, by shooting them through the head as often as they showed above the bank.

In the thicket, where they were well screened, they had clear views of the hostiles on the prairie. "We baffled their shots," wrote James Bowie, "by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, for their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put 20 balls within the space of a pocket-handkerchief in the spot where they saw that smoke."

In this fashion the fight was kept up for two hours, and James Correll was shot through the arm. Seeing that the Texans were not to be dislodged from the thicket, the savages resorted to fire—for the double purpose of routing the little party and of carrying away their own dead and wounded under cover of the smoke, for the rifles of the rangers had brought down half a dozen at every round. They set fire to the dry prairie grass to the windward of the thicket; the flames flared high and burned all the grass as far as the creek; but there they bore away to the right and to the left, leaving a clear space of five acres around the camp. Under cover of the smoke the hostiles carried away their dead; while the Texans scraped away the dry grass and leaves from their wounded comrades, and piled rocks and bushes to make a flimsy breastwork.

The Indians re-occupied the trees and rocks in the prairie and renewed their firing. Suddenly the wind shifted to the north and blew hard. The red men were quick to see the advantage and seize the chance. One of their braves crawled down the creek and set fire to the high grass. Robert Armstrong killed him—too late. Down came the flames, 10 feet high, straight for the camp! The shouts and yells of the Indians rent the air, and they fired 20 shots in a minute.

Behind the screen of smoke the Texans held a council of war. If the Indians should charge them under cover of the fire they could deliver but one effectual round. Even then the sparks were flying so thickly that no man could open his powder-horn but at the risk of being blown up. Bowie's men determined if the Indians charged "to deliver that one round, stand back to back, draw our knives, and fight as long as one was left alive." On the other hand, should the Indians not charge, and should the Texans still stand their ground, they might be burned alive. In that case each man would take care of himself as well as he could until the fire reached the ring of cleared ground around the wounded men and the baggage; then they would smother it with buffalo-robes, bearskins, deerskins, and blankets. And this they did, the hostiles not charging.

By this time the fire had left so little of the thicket that the small group of fighters took refuge in the ring they had made around the wounded and the baggage, and begun raising their breastwork higher with loose rocks and with earth that they dug with their knives. The Indians had succeeded in removing their killed and wounded under cover of the smoke. Night was approaching, and they had been fighting since sunrise. The Indians, seeing that the Texans were still alive and dangerous, drew off and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. By 10 o'clock the Bowies has raised their clumsy rampart breast high; the men filled their vessels and skins with water, and waited for the attack which they supposed the morning would bring. All night they heard the red men wailing over their dead; and at daylight they shot a mortally wounded chief, as the customs of the tribes prescribed. A little later they retired with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile away, where a cave served them for shelter and for tomb. At 8 o'clock two of the Texans ventured out from the little fort, and made their way to the encampment where the Indians had lain the night before, and there they counted 48 bloody spots on the grass where their braves had fallen before Texan rifles. "Finding ourselves much cut up," wrote the Bowies, "having one man killed and three wounded, five horses killed and three wounded, we resumed the strengthening of our little fort, and worked until 1 p. m., when 13 Indians appeared, but retired again as soon as they discovered that we were still there, well fortified and ready for action." The Texans held their ground eight days, and then retraced their march to San Antonio, where they arrived safely with their wounded and their horses in 12 days. Nine men and two boys and killed 82 Indians and routed a fighting force of 164.

It was proper to the ghastly "fitness of things" that the man who directed this wonderful fight, and was the heart and eye and arm behind every rifle and every knife, should go to meet his death with Crockett and Travis in the Alamo. When, on March 3, Travis drew a line with his sword across the adobe floor, and called on all those of that desperate little garrison who would stay with him to the death to come over that line to him, Crockett sprang across merrily, waving his cap, and every man of "those about to die" followed him, saluting: "Te morituri salutamus!" James Bowie, fast bound in raging fever, tossing and muttering on his cot "in the little north room of the Alamo," heard the call, and cried for two of his comrades to lift the cot and carry him over that line. It was done, and then they bore him back again to the little room to die.

It is Madame Candelaria, the Mexican woman who nursed him there, and who alone of all that Spartan band survived, who tells the story. "It is not true," she says, "that Colonel Bowie was 'brained with an ax.' He died in wild delirium in the height of the awful carnage, several hours before the Mexican horde burst into the Alamo. . . . They broke in the door where I watched with Colonel Bowie. I cried out, in Spanish, that I was a Mexican woman, and that I had nursed a man who had just died. One knocked me down, and another stabbed me in the cheek with a bayonet. Here is the scar! . . . Colonel Bowie's cold body was dragged from the cot—dragged down the stairs by the howling mob of soldiers, and thrown upon a heap of bleeding dead."—The New Voice.

TORPEDO BOAT'S CREWS.

Recent Hard Experience of Men Aboard English Craft.

Rarely, if ever, have the crews of torpedo boats experienced a worse time than was undergone by those officers and men who were told off to man the four torpedo boats that were towed from Lamlash to Plymouth last week by the channel squadron. During the cruise just ended the squadron took with it these boats in order that experiments might be made in victualling and coaling the craft from the parent ships when at sea. The experiments were successful, in so far as they proved that a torpedo boat can be furnished with supplies from a battleship when the vessels are under steam. A boom was rigged out, and the boats towed along at 10 knots an hour by means of a hawser passed around the end of the boom. While the sea was calm it was found comparatively easy to put all necessary supplies aboard the boats without slackening speed. But on the voyage from Lambash rough weather was experienced and the crews of the torpedo boats suffered terribly. For the greater part of the way the sea broke continually over the tiny craft, and the officers and men had to lash themselves to the deck to avoid being washed overboard. One young stoker belonging to the boat that was in tow of the battleship Resolution did meet his fate. He was lying down, so worn out from seasickness and exhaustion that when the sea lifted him he was unable to make any effort himself. Being clad in heavy boots and oilskins he sank before the ships that tried to pick him up could reach him. The speed at which the boats were towed did much to make existence aboard them less endurable. Instead of riding the waves they were pulled through them. Sleep was impossible, and when a boat broke loose, as the Majestic's did, the crew were so tired out that they could barely manage to secure the hawser that was drifted back to them. To make matters worse, the Magnificent's boat stove in her bows and fore compartments became waterlogged. That these frail craft came through as well as they did is a splendid testimony to the courage and powers of endurance of their crews.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Russian Millennium.

No newspaper has appeared at Borgi (in Finland) for some time past, owing to the official censor being away on a holiday. If all these Russian censors were given a holiday what a lovely time the empire of the czar would have.—Vossische Zeitung, Berlin.

Three hundred and twenty-five miles in a day is the record for a sailing ship, 560 for a steamer.

"SHORTY" AND HIS MACHINE.

How a Tall Telegraph Operator's Original Ideas Caused a Mixup.

There is a telegraph operator in Kansas City so tall that every one calls him "Shorty." Some time ago he brought a new typewriter, and thereby hangs a tale.

The common everyday machine wasn't quite up-to-date enough for him, so he had one made to order. The keyboard is along different lines from the ordinary machine and even the type has a peculiarity unto itself. He realized that he needed a word-counting attachment, but the counters on the market were ordinary affairs, so he bought a bicycle cyclometer, and for three months has been putting in all of his spare time in an effort to convert it into a word counter.

Another of "Shorty's" up-to-date improvements is a "secret sounder." A "secret sounder" is an instrument which fits over the head and brings close to the ear the delicate instrument used in receiving messages from the wire. There is no sound audible to any one excepting the operator who is wearing the device, hence the name—secret sounder. The sounder is connected by a flexible cord, long enough to allow the operator to have a little freedom. A stranger dropped into the newspaper office where "Shorty" was employed one evening and, seeing the man on the end of a rope, asked why they "didn't take that feller outside if they had to keep him tethered up that way."

"Shorty" was at a newspaper office a few nights ago and had occasion to use his typewriter on a long story. To say that the copy he turned out was artistic would be putting it mildly—it was a work of art. It pleased him so much that after exulting over it for 15 or 20 minutes and showing it to "the gang," he laid it down on the table, took his typewriter in and placed it on the telegraph editor's desk. Then he returned to the telegraph room well satisfied with himself and every one else.

The typewriter took up too much room on the editor's desk, and he finally came out and asked "Shorty" what he should do with it. It was then discovered that he had delivered his machine to the telegraph editor instead of the story.

In the excitement that followed there was a wild mixup of operators, telegraph editors and beer bottles, and the office devil who came in to see what the row was about got so tangled up in the wires of the secret sounder that they both had to be laid up for repairs.—Kansas City Journal

Americans in Europe.

The Americans are invading Europe this summer in immense numbers. Some of our countrymen are going there for business, and some of them for pleasure. Europe has been acquainted with the latter these many years, and while the innkeepers, shopkeepers, hack-drivers, and other useful citizens of the monarchies, empires and republics of the Old World were always glad to see us, it cannot be said that they respected us. They were amiable, and were paid for their amiability. What they chiefly liked about the Americans was his easy good-nature in the presence of a large bill. An American would pay a charge that would have landed the innkeeper in jail if it had been presented to the chamberlain of a king. Perhaps this relation between the foreigner and the American will remain. There is a cafe in Paris which charges an American $9 for a $2 dinner, for which a Frenchman is charged five francs. It will be difficult for this restaurant keeper to break such an agreeable habit. Most Americans are rich, and those who are care little for the small items of a bill of fare. Americans who are poor, and who know the language, are not liked so much in Paris as the rich Americans, because they decline to pay more for a dinner or a drive than is charged for the same essentials of life to a Russian prince or a branchisseuse.—Harper's Weekly.

Acquisition of Knowledge.

"Well, and what have you learned at college, Clarice?" we asked, anxious to know how our niece had profited by her residence at a distant institution of learning.

"I learned to do up my hair in 19 different ways," replied she, proudly. —Detroit Free Press.

As It Seemed to Him.

"Papa, what does the phrase 'in due time' mean?" Benny Bloobumper asked.

"First of the month, I guess," replied Mr. Bloobumper.—Detroit Free Press.

Illumination Extraordinary.

"They say Joe Dobbs is dreadfully penurious."

"Penurious? He tells me that he reads his evening paper now by a bottleful of lightning bugs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Great Britain, France, Spain and other European countries, except Russia, recognized the Confederate States as belligerents, and entitled to belligerent rights.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

No more the roan and chestnut, the piebald and the gray
Pound their iron hoofs upon the smithy's floor;
No more the gig and buggy, the buckboard and coupe
Stand broken down and helpless at the door.

He'll pump you full of ether with an auto sorter laugh,
He's fixtures ready-made to mend the fake,
If your tire has collapsed he'll swell it for a half,
With perhaps another dollar for a break.

No more he talks of 'hoss' as he stands upon the green
And waits the auto trav'ler on his way.
He's an artist now in wind, and he's happy and serene,
For he's pumping, pumping dollars all the day.

—New York Sun.

HUMOROUS.

Silicus—Gotrox has a great talent for making money. Cynicus—That isn't a talent; it's a habit.

Blobbs—You seem to have an unpleasant sort of cold. Slobbs—Yes; I never did have luck enough to get a pleasant one.

"Life is at best but a fleeting show," sighed the pessimist. "That's better than no show at all," remarked the optimist.

Nell—Cholly tells me he belongs to the "smart set." Belle—I don't doubt it. He's certainly stupid enough to be eligible.

Poet—But you told me I could see the stars up in this attic. Landlord—And so you can. Just stand up straight and let your head come in contact with the rafters.

"Jenks was telling me he felt blue today, because he had to eat his luncheon alone." "Likes company at his meals, eh?" "Yes; because he usually manages to let the other fellow pay."

"It's pretty hard to select a wife nowadays," remarked Mr. Con Seet; "the average girl of today doesn't know enough." "I've found," replied Mr. Mittens, "that they 'No!' entirely too much."

"Has there ever been any insanity in your family?" thundered the attorney for the prosecution. The witness for the defence squirmed. "My eldest daughter jilted a milkman and ran off with a poet," he replied sadly.

Scribbler—What are you writing now? Scrawler—A series of articles calls "Advice to Young Girls on Choosing Husbands." Scribbler—Huh! What do you know about it? Scrawler—Well, I've been refused by nine[illegible]

"You don't look as if you were all there," remarked the hitching post. "You're right," replied the new garden fence; "I won't feel myself altogether until that lazy carpenter gets a gait on him and gets a gate on me."

"My daughter," said the father of the beautiful girl, "young Mr. Milyuns will very likely propose tonight, and—" "Father," she cried, "I cannot marry him." "No? Well, put him off for a week. I want to borrow another thousand from him."

Misplaced Confidence.

Sir Coutenay Boyle was one of the best dinner companions imaginable. He had more excellent stories than would fill half dozen big volumes. One of them was of a stutterer who called at a poulterer's shop for some turkeys. "Some are t-tough and some are t-tender?" he queried of the shopman, who admitted the soft impeachment. "I-I s-suppose there is a d-difference in the price?" the customer remarked, only to be informed that his supposition was wrong. "I-I k-keep a b-boys' school," he said; "would you m-mind p-picking out t-the tough ones?" The shopman with a wink separated the tough ones from the tender ones, and once more the customer asked if no difference could be made in the price. The poulterer was sorry that it was impossible; and he was sorry, too, no doubt, when the customer said, "then I'll take the tender ones. St. James's Gazette.

Stole a March on the Firemen.

The firemen attached to engine company No. 50 and Truck 12, stationed at Park avenue and Cambria street, were belated in response to an alarm of fire a few days ago. On the first clang of the "joker" the six horses spra[illegible] their accustomed places, and [illegible] chains were not across th[illegible] one of the animals mad[illegible] the door. The oth[illegible] and all made a [illegible] posed directio[illegible] gallop, wit[illegible] two com[illegible] horses [illegible] captu[illegible] ope[illegible] g[illegible] m[illegible] g[illegible] pa[illegible]

It [illegible] semite[illegible] 20 arc [illegible] for pr[illegible] the[illegible] electri[illegible]